

## REST.

BY PATHER BYAN.

My feet are weary and my knees are tired;

And with aching limbs I long to rest.

But—only rest!

'Tis hard to tell when rest is close at hand;

To know when rest is near.

'Tis hard to tell when rest is close at hand;

To know when rest is near.

The burden of my days is hard to bear;

But God knows best.

And I have prayed—my tears have been my prayer

For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to tell when rest is close at hand;

To know when rest is near.

'Tis hard to tell when rest is close at hand;

To know when rest is near.

And no more, a weak and weary cry,

No more, no more.

My way has been a weary, weary way,

And now I rest.

My path, and through the forest of my life

I find my rest.

'Tis always so, when still I lie

On my mother's bed.

My weary little head, when I pray

As now, for rest.

And I am restless still, when I am free,

For down the road

Life's way is long, and I see the stars

Where I shall rest.

## A Priest's Crime.

An extraordinary story is related

by a correspondent of the Italian

Nazione, writing from Lecce. Some

years ago a native of Canino emigrated

to America, leaving behind a

wife and two children. After a time

he sent home to them, through the

priest of his native place, 100 lire. A

few months later this remittance was

followed by a second, this time of 1,000

lire, and at intervals afterward

other sums were sent, making altogether

a total of more than 25,000 lire, or

about \$5,000. The priest, however,

never gave the money to those for

whom it was intended, but kept it for

himself, sending to the woman and

telling her with many consoling

reflections, that her husband was

dead. At the same time he wrote to

the man informing him that his

family were dead, sending also with

his letter an official certificate of their

death. After a time the man married

again, and a short time ago, having

prospered in business, he determined

to revisit his native place. In due

time he arrived with his second wife

and family at Canino, and went to

the principal inn in the town. As he

was walking out one day a boy begged

of him. Something in the appearance

of the beggar seemed to be familiar,

and, questioning the boy, he found

that it was his own child, and that his

wife was living with the two children

he had left behind, in the greatest

poverty. The priest, thus found out

in his wickedness, endeavored to com-

promise the matter by offering to pay

back the 25,000 lire, but the authori-

ties, who had been informed of the

business, declined to allow it, and pro-

ceedings against him are now pend-

ing.

## Sleep.

The effects of too much sleep are

not less signal than those arising from

its privation. The whole nervous

system becomes blunted so that the

muscular energy is enfeebled, and the

moral and intellectual manifestations

are obtunded. All the bad effects of

inaction become developed; the func-

tions are exerted with less energy; the

digestion is torpid, the excretions are

diminished, whilst in some instances

the secretion of fat accumulates to an

inordinate extent. The memory is

impaired, the powers of imagination

are dormant, and the mind falls into

a kind of torpor, chiefly because

the functions of the intellect are not

sufficiently exerted when sleep is too

## THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 17.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1879.

WHOLE NUMBER 381.

## KANSAS.

LAZETTE, June 29, 1879.

Editor Interior Journal:

As I have many letters

of inquiry in regard to the sheep

business in Kansas, I take this method

of answering not less than twenty-five

that I have received this Spring. This

country is better adapted to sheep

raising than any place I have ever

seen, for the country is high and dry,

and never gets muddy. Plenty of

good running water, and the grass

will run faster in its season than

any grass I have ever seen. My lambs

are fatter than I ever saw a bunch of

lambs in Kentucky at this season, and

my ewes are all healthy. On money

invested in sheep, 50 per cent. can be

made the first year; 75 per cent. for

the second year; 100 per cent. for the

third year, and this is less than prac-

ticable sheep men make. For instance,

five hundred ewes at \$2.50 per head,

cost \$1,250, \$300 for feed and shep-

herd makes \$1,550. The 500 ewes

will clip 2,500 pounds of wool that

will bring \$500, and save 400 lambs,

which will bring \$2 per head, and

quick sale at that, making a return of

\$1,300 on an investment of \$1,550. This

is a safe calculation, though some

sheep men say that 100 per cent. can

be made the first year. Sheep raising

is my business; I am well satisfied

with it, and expect to continue in the

business, for I know that there is a

better profit in it than any thing I

could engage in in this country. I

hope this will be satisfactory to the

many enquiring friends.

We have a very fine prospect for a

corn crop in this country. This coun-

try will average about fifteen bushels

of wheat per acre. Harvesting is

about over.

Mr. William Hill will return to

Lincoln county, Ky., to make finan-

cial arrangements to go into the sheep

business in this country. We had a

half storm a few nights ago that dam-

aged the corn and wheat crop to some

extent, and demolished all the win-

dows on the West side of the house

in Wachita, this State. Only three

lives lost. I have heard of.

Respectfully, L. A. MOORE.

## An Electric Storm.

The United States Signal Station

at Pike's Peak is the highest signal

station in the world; it is also the

highest inhabited portion of the globe.

It was opened in the month of Sep-

tember, 1873. A correspondent says:

A government office at Pike's Peak is

no sinicure, for the officer must buffet

all storms and have all weathers.

Occasionally an electric storm visits

the Peak. There is but little thunder

accompanying these storms, but the

mountain seems all on fire. Sergeant

Choate informs me that when he was

out observing one of these storms it

appeared as though the whole moun-

tain-top was a sheet of electric flame.

It came out of every rock and darted

around with wonderful audacity. It

played around him, and as he ex-

pressed it, shot down his back and

darted out of each boot-sole, and so

completely filled him with electricity

that he could not retain his foothold,

but bounded and rebounded from the

rock like a rubber ball; he felt as tho'

a powerful electric battery was pos-

ing fiery darts all through him, and

deeming "discretion the better part

of valor," he bounded into the signal

station for preservation.

## The Electric Light in a Fish Market.

In the celebrated Billingsgate Fish

Market in London, the electric light

proved a complete failure, for the un-

expected reason that it was too good.

Business at Billingsgate begins at 5

o'clock in the morning, most of the

## And Long Ago.

A poor man rapped on Mrs. Car-

ruthers' door one day, and when she

opened it and asked him what he

wanted, he said:

"Your name is Mrs. John Caruth-

ers, nee Blackwell, I believe, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"You formerly resided at Brighton,

Staten Island?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, yes," he went on, "well do I

remember you in your days of youth,

beauty, and angelic innocence. You

used to live in the little white cottage

just back from the road, eh?"

"I did, sir."

"Yes, I thought so. I was well of

then, myself. I revelled in all sorts

of delicacies. Tempora mutantur."

He drew a long sigh, and continued:

"I just thought I'd drop in and see if

I could ask you for some cold buck-

wheat cakes on the score of old friend-

ship."

"I haven't a buckwheat cake in the

house."

"Have you any cold meat? I'll ac-

cept any kind except veal cutlets."

"I'm sorry to say I can't accommo-

date you."

"Can you give me an old pair of

boots?"

He asked in such a pitiful tone that

she was touched, and got him a pair

of her husband's. He took them, ex-

amined them carefully, and said:

"Thank you ma'am; thank you. This

is a pretty good pair; but, on the

strength of old times, can't I implore

you to let me have a dollar to have

them half-soled and healed?"

She slammed the door in his face.

## The South's Hopeful Future.

A matter of great interest to New

England, and vital importance to the

South, is the rapid increase in cotton

mills in the States South of the Poto-

mac. North Carolina has fifty mills,

and in all there are reported one hun-

dred and eighty-three erected since

the war in the cotton-growing States.

This is the only opportunity of the

South. Let principles of economy be

observed in State and municipal gov-

ernment; let capitalists be assured that

they will not be burdened by enor-

mous taxes; let law and order prevail

as in New England, and there is no

reason why the region where cotton

grows at the factory door, where riv-

ers turn the mill wheels, and the ad-

jacent fields furnish the operatives

with the staff of life, can not compete

successfully with the territory East of

the Hudson, which brings its cotton a

thousand miles for manufacture, buys

its fuel five hundred miles away, and

transports the food of its laborers half

way across the continent. The out-

look in the Southern States is hopeful,

and they must have a great future be-

fore them. —[Boston Herald.]

## KANSAS still bleeds.

The violent sur-

roundings within which it entered in-

to the sisterhood of States gave it a

sort of birthright of sympathy. Its

progress was interrupted by the mer-

ciless march of grasshoppers and poi-

tato bugs, and now a fresh appeal is

made in its behalf on account of the

devastating cyclone which recently

passed over a portion of the State.

Over fifty persons were killed and

more than a hundred wounded by the

storm, and many more, it is believed,

were deprived of the fruits of many

months' labor and left in a condition

appealing to the charity of the world.

Kansas has had serious misfortunes,

but the tide of emigration is not ar-

rested, and will probably not be. Its

fertile fields have attractions for

the agriculturists which counterbal-

ance its storms.

## Who is in Favor of the Purity of the Ballot Box?

The Republicans tell us that they

are in favor of preserving the purity

of the ballot box, and it is for this

reason they sustain the vetoes of Mr.

Hayes.

How can this be?

Reason and experience unite in

teaching the impossibility of fair and

free elections under the supervision

of the army. England learned this

lesson so thoroughly that she banished

the armed soldiers from the polling

places. The whole world knows that

in France the elections were converted

into a hollow mockery under a system

of surveillance adopted by Louis Na-

poleon, and which the Republicans

are trying to imitate in this country.

We have already had enough of sol-

diers at the polls to know that the

practice is inconsistent with the en-

tirely free exercise of the elective

franchise.

What consistency, then, is there in

a party professing to hold dear the

purity of the ballot box and at the